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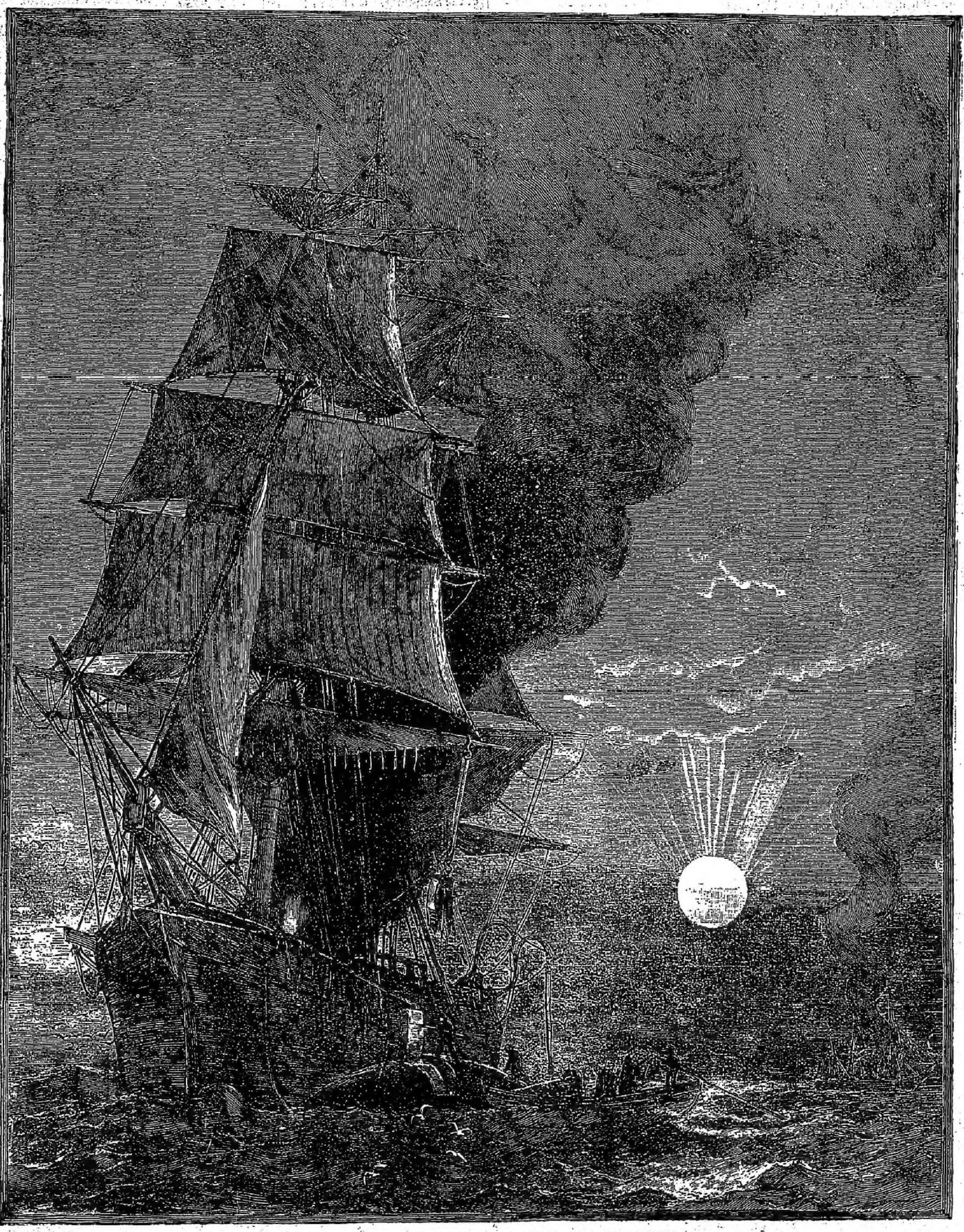

WHALING IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.—CUTTING OUT THE BLUBBER.

WHALING IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

It used to be the Atlantic in which the interest of whale fishing centred, but of late years the business has been almost entirely transferred to the Pacific. Whaling vessels may be found there from all nations.

Sometimes a whaler is gone for years on a cruise before a sufficient number is caught to make it necessary to return home. The implements used for the capture of whales are the harpoon, the lance and the harpoon-gun. When a whale is discovered by the lookout at the masthead the boats are lowered, and as soon as the whale is harpooned the struggle begins. The mighty beast endeavors to get free, and the boat to drag him to the vessel. When towed to the ship, the whale is made fast to the side by chains and the blubber is cut off. This is from one to two feet in thickness, and lies under the surface of the true skin. In a large whale it sometimes amounts to thirty tons. The whalebone, or *baleen*, is found in plates in the mouth, which weighs nearly a ton in an animal of average size. The reservoir of sperm-oil and spermaceti in the head of the sperm-whale is secured by cutting off the head, which often reaches to one-third of the entire length of the animal. The process of trying out the blubber is performed on board the ship, and during this huge masses of smoke and soot rise until all the oil has been tried out and filled into casks.

After all the blubber, whalebone and spermaceti has been taken, the carcass of the denuded whale is cast adrift, and is speedily consumed by sharks, vultures and polar bears.

CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE BIBLE.

Many Christians, young and old, are saying: "I do not understand the Bible, and I do not enjoy reading it."

In most cases the reasons are very apparent, and among them this one: they will not give up the world, but persist in these unholy and in many cases ungodly associations which war against the soul and prevent fellowship with God—without which the Bible is a dull, dry, dead book. But come out from the world and be separate, and God will receive you, and reveal himself to you, and wonderful things out of his law. Why is it that so many Christians make their choice with the world only to perish with hunger and miserable husks that the swine do feed upon, when, if they would only live at home with their Father, they would have kisses, and robes, and rings, and shoes, and fatted calves, and such music and dancing as the world never dreamt of and cannot give? "Oh that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways. I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries. The haters of the Lord should have submitted themselves unto him; but their time should have endured for ever. He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat; and with honey out of the rocks should I have satisfied thee." (Ps. lxxxi: 13-16.) Finally, when God has wanted to fill a soul with himself, he has, in a noticeable way, separated him in body, as well as heart, from the world. A monastic life is not according to the letter or genius of the Scripture; but God does often take his children apart to instruct them. Abraham, the friend of God, must have been much alone with God; Moses was forty years in the wilderness, mostly alone with God, and other forty days entirely alone with him on the mount; Elijah was also carried away for a similar length of time; John the Baptist was a wilderness man; Jesus had his days of separation, and would often take his disciples apart from the crowd, and instruct them and commune with them. Paul was a long time down in Arabia, where he seems to have had special instruction directly from the mouth of the Lord Jesus (Gal. 1: 1). John was on lonely Patmos when the "revelation" came. Some of the early fathers separated themselves to study the Word of God. Luther in the old Wartburg, Bunyan in Bedford gaol, Wesley in his secluded chambers, Madame Guyon and Fenelon in prison learned their deepest lessons in the truth. Alone with God! Alone with God! How few of us know what it is to go apart for a while and be with God and his Word; and yet, if we would know the Scripture and have clear insight into it, we must have our seasons of retirement in order to be alone with God.

May the Word of God dwell in, you richly! And may the Spirit of truth prepare your heart to seek the law of the Lord, and go with you into the holiest of all, into the temple of truth, and light up the otherwise dark dwelling-place of God: and then give you a heart to do it, and to teach the word to others!

RETAINING THE OLDER SCHOLARS

The question is frequently asked, How can we retain the larger scholars in the Sunday-school? The question is one of great importance, for in many places the non-attendance of older scholars is one of the chief barriers to the accomplishment of the best possible results in Sunday-school work. This evil prevails in the country as well as in the city.

In looking for the causes of the existence of this evil we find that one of them is a lax discipline in the home. In many homes children are allowed to do as they please. Parental authority is not asserted, and as a natural result there is no restraint upon the likes and dislikes of the children. The boys and girls, when arriving at a certain age, get the notion that they are too big to go to Sunday-school, and parents foolishly indulge them in it. If parents were to do their duty in compelling them to attend they would, in most cases, in after years, be respected and thanked for having asserted their rightful authority. There should be co-operation between the home and the Sunday-school. This implies that parents attend the Sunday-school. Parents should in this, as in everything else, give their children a good example. Inconsistency will be readily discovered, and if not openly denounced, yet inwardly despised.

Older scholars, to be retained in the Sunday-school, must not be treated as they were when they were members of the primary class. Superintendents and teachers frequently make grave mistakes right here. We have heard superintendents addressing scholars, of whom many were young men and ladies, as "My little children." Rather than be thus regarded they would remain away. Can we blame them much? Treat them in the Sunday-school with the same consideration as they are treated in a properly adjusted social circle.

Lessons are frequently not made interesting and instructive to the larger scholars. They become disgusted with the ignorance and superficiality of the teacher. They don't feel remunerated for the time and effort involved in attending, and consider themselves bored instead of profited. The teaching should be of such a character that the scholars would rather be in the class when the lesson is being taught than anywhere else.

We want the older children and the young men and women in our Sunday-schools. They belong there. They are needed there. We must plan, pray and work to keep them there. Our motive must be their spiritual welfare. By the Grace of God we shall succeed.—*The Evangelical Sunday-School Teacher.*

PLACING NEW SCHOLARS.

Much depends upon a proper and suitable assignment of new-comers in the Sabbath-school. This requires care, skill and prudence. The *Pilgrim Teacher* has the following in the way of advice "to superintendents concerning the placing of new scholars: So much depends on the right assignment of a new scholar that it should not be hastily done. Have a 'catch-all-class,' in which new-comers can be temporarily taught until you are sure just where they should be located. Find out about them before they are taken out. Study them with reference to where they will best fit in. Be quite certain in your own mind that a scholar will be welcome before making him a member of any class. Those young ladies, if spoken to beforehand, in the right way, probably would have taken pains to make that working girl feel at home instead of sending her away with a sore heart. It is by wise adjustments that the superintendent will accomplish the most for his school. It is with a school as with chemical elements, which, when brought together in one order, harmoniously unite, but, brought together in another, violently explode."

AVOID CRITICISM.

Be careful, teachers, about infusing scepticism in the youthful mind. Avoid criticism of the Bible. Hold it up continually as God's infallible and eternal Word. You lose power when you suggest doubts or weaken absolute faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures. Go before those whom you teach and mould with all the confidence of a "Thus saith the Lord." Many critics are abroad in the land. All sorts of efforts are being made to minimize God's truth and to lessen its power over the conscience and the life, and it becomes its friends to stand by it unflinchingly and faithfully, and to raise up a generation of believers in a fully and absolutely inspired Bible. Sabbath-school teachers are set for its defence in their special line of activity. —*Presbyterian Observer.*

THE FOUNDATION.

We have so many lesson helps and so many leaflets published in convenient form that one of the dangers of the present day is that of their taking the place of the Bible until our scholars fail to become properly acquainted with the Book of books. Let the Bible be steadfastly held to as the book of the Sabbath-School and let every teacher, every officer and every Sunday-school scholar bring to the Sabbath-school their own Bible. Give us the Bible carried, the Bible studied, the Bible lived up to, as the foundation of our Sunday-school, and these, under God's blessing, with good teaching, good singing and good order, cannot fail to accomplish, through the Sunday-school, grand and lasting results. —*Benjamin Thomson.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 23, 1892.

PETER AT CAESAREA.—Acts 10: 30-43.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 39-43

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins."—Acts 10: 43.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 10: 21-29.—Peter's Journey to Cæsarea.
T. Acts 10: 30-48.—Peter at Cæsarea.
W. Acts 11: 1-18.—Peter at Jerusalem.
Th. Eph. 2: 11-22.—Gentiles Made Nigh.
F. Gal. 3: 1-14.—All Nations Blessed.
S. Eph. 3: 1-21.—Gentiles Follow Him.
S. James 2: 1-26.—Faith and Works.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Waiting for the Word. vs. 30-33.
II. Preaching the Word. vs. 34-43.
III. Blessing on the Word. vs. 44-48.

TIME.—A.D. 40; Caligula emperor of Rome; Marcellus governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa I. king of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Cæsarea, the Roman capital of Judea, on the Mediterranean Sea, forty-seven miles north-west of Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Peter obeyed the divine direction (see last lesson), and accompanied the messengers to Cæsarea. On his arrival he found Cornelius waiting for him, with his kinsmen and near friends collected to listen to his words. How Peter preached to these Gentile hearers, and what followed his preaching, we are told in to-day's lesson.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

30. *Cornelius said*—in reply to Peter's question, v. 29. "I ask therefore with what intent ye sent for me." 33. *Commanded thee*—as Cornelius had been commanded by God to send for Peter, he doubted not that Peter had received command what to say to him. 34. *No respecter of persons*—does not show favor on other grounds than those of right and justice; does not accept a man because he is a Jew, nor reject him because he is a Gentile. 36. *The word*—the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ. 38. *Anointed Jesus*—set him apart to be the Saviour of men. 40. *Raised up*—from the dead. *Showed him*—Revised Version, "gave him to be made manifest." 44. *Fell on all them*—a Gentile Pentecost, like the Jewish Pentecost at Jerusalem. 47. *Can any man forbid water?*—the highest blessing of all, the Holy Spirit, had been received; hence the minor gift, emblematic of the other, could not be refused.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? For what purpose was this vision given to Peter? What did he do on the arrival of the messengers of Cornelius? What did he find when he came into the house of Cornelius? What did Peter say to him? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. WAITING FOR THE WORD. vs. 30-33.—What reason did Cornelius give for sending for Peter? What did he expect to hear from Peter? Why did he assemble his friends? What may we learn from his example?

II. PREACHING THE WORD. vs. 34-43.—What did Peter then say? Who are accepted of God? How had the gospel been preached to ancient Israel? How to the Jews of that day? What was Christ's life-work? What special witness were the apostles to give? How had the Jews treated Jesus? How had God exalted him? What command had he given to the apostles? What witness do all the prophets give to Jesus?

III. BLESSING ON THE WORD. vs. 44-48.—What happened while Peter was speaking? What effect had this on the Jewish disciples who were present? Why were they astonished? How did the Jews regard the Gentiles? What outward proof was given of the descent of the Holy Ghost? When had the Holy Ghost been poured out in like manner on the Jewish disciples? What questions did Peter ask? What did he command? To whom is baptism to be administered? What did these new converts ask Peter to do?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world.
2. All of every nation who believe in him shall be saved.
3. This gospel should be preached to all nations.
4. We must hear it as the word of God, with earnest desire to learn all that God has commanded.
5. "All who possess Christ should profess Christ."

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What great truth did Peter declare? Ans. In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.
2. Of what were the apostles witnesses? Ans. Of the life, work, death, resurrection and ascension of Jesus.
3. What is the testimony of all the prophets concerning Jesus? Ans. To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remissions of sins.
4. What happened while Peter was yet preaching? Ans. The Holy Ghost fell on all who heard the word.
5. What did Peter then do? Ans. He commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord.

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 30, 1892.

THE GOSPEL PREACHED AT ANTIOCH. Acts 11: 19-30.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 21-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"A great number believed, and turned unto the Lord."—Acts 11: 21.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 11: 19-30.—The Gospel Preached at Antioch.
T. Isaiah 55: 1-13.—"Nations Shall Run unto Thee."
W. 1 Peter 4: 12-19.—Suffering as Christians.
Th. Gal. 3: 15-29.—One in Christ.
F. Rom. 15: 25-33.—Ministering to the Needy.
S. John 15: 1-18.—Abiding in Christ.
S. 1 John 3: 11-24.—Love for the Brethren.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Believing on Christ. vs. 19-21.
II. Called by Christ's Name. vs. 22-26.
III. Helping Christ's Brethren. vs. 27-30.

TIME.—A.D. 40-44; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Herod Agrippa I. King of Judea and Samaria.

PLACE.—Antioch, the capital of Syria, three hundred miles north of Jerusalem.

"HELPS-IN-STUDYING."

19. *Phenice*—Phenicia, a country one hundred and twenty miles long and twenty wide, on the Mediterranean, containing the cities of Tyre and Sidon. *Cyprus*—an island of the Mediterranean, sixty miles west of Palestine. 20. *Cyrene*—on the coast of Africa, south of Cyprus. *Grecians*—Greeks, who were Gentiles. 21. *The hand*—the power. 22. *Send forth*—to examine the facts, and either to stop this admission of Gentiles who did not become Jews as well as Christians, or to confirm and aid and guide the new movement. *Barnabas*—a native of Cyrus well fitted for this mission of inquiry. 23. *Was glad*—convinced that the work was real, he rejoiced at this new extension of the gospel. 25. *Tarsus*—Saul's native city. Ch. 9: 11. 26. *Called Christians*—probably by the Gentiles as a term of reproach, but by divine appointment as a name of honor. 28. *Throughout all the world*—that is, the known world, the Roman empire. *Came to pass*—in A.D. 44, 45.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. BELIEVING ON CHRIST. vs. 19-21.—How were the disciples driven from Jerusalem? Where did they go? To whom did they preach? Who went to Antioch? To whom did they preach there? With what success? How is the Word made effectual to salvation?

II. CALLED BY CHRIST'S NAME. vs. 22-26.—What tidings came to Jerusalem? Whom did they send to Antioch? For what purpose? What did Barnabas do when he came to Antioch? What three things are said about him? What effect followed? Whose help did Barnabas seek? How long did Barnabas and Saul labor together at Antioch? What effects followed their labors? What new name did the disciples there receive?

III. HELPING CHRIST'S BRETHREN. vs. 27-30.—Who came to Antioch in those days? What did one of them foretell? When did this come to pass? What did the Antioch Christians do? On what principle did they give? By whom did they send this relief?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. All efforts to destroy the gospel only aid in its growth.
2. True Christians always carry their religion with them.
3. Times of revival are times of gladness to all good people.
4. Christians should so live as not to bring reproach upon the name by which they are called.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who first preached to the Gentiles in Antioch? Ans. Men of Cyprus and Cyrene who had been driven from Jerusalem by persecution.
2. What followed their preaching? Ans. Many believed and turned unto the Lord.
3. Whom did the church at Jerusalem send to Antioch? Ans. Barnabas, a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.
4. Who was with Barnabas in Antioch? Ans. He brought Saul from Tarsus, and for a whole year they taught much people.
5. What new name was given to the disciples? Ans. The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

AN ECONOMICAL SKIRT-FORM.

BY ADELAIDE F. COOPER.

I wonder if some woman who likes to alter her dresses when they are a little out of fashion, and who cannot afford a wire frame upon which to drape them, would like to know how I made one which I like better than the wire forms, and which cost me absolutely nothing? I found in the attic a hard wood stick about the size of a bed slat, a little longer, perhaps. On this I cut notches corresponding with my shoulders, waist and neck. I then beguiled my cousin into fashioning a board about a foot square for a base, with two braces about a foot long to steady it. He then nailed a narrow strip of wood across the shoulder notch, making it the width of my shoulders, and another across the upright just below the waist, on a line with my hips, making it a little shorter than my hips are wide, this comprising all the carpenter's work necessary. Now for the getting into shape. Two small pillows would have answered, but I happened to have a half-filled bolster, which I threw over the top of the upright. Around this I put a pair of corsets, over which I placed a fresh corset cover, with the farther addition of a white skirt, and behold, an excellent duplicate of myself, minus head and arms. My young lady is always at hand. She never gets tired of standing, no matter how much I may drape, and pull, and measure in trying one effect after another. By seeing a gown on her, I can see exactly how one will look on myself. I find her a most valuable adjunct in the work of dressmaking, and I think you will, too, if you will only try her. This form is especially adapted for skirt draping—not for the fitting of the waist.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

There are farmers with competence in possession, with money laid up in bank, with every comfort that a farmer's life commands, and with children needing thorough training, who have hitherto refused them this priceless boon. Were argument the only thing necessary in the case, it would be easy to prove that education of the right sort is worth more than houses, lands, mortgages, stocks, or all other earthly possessions; that the best capital which can be given a worthy boy or girl is a good educational equipment; that a thorough education is the best endowment that can be conferred upon a child. Money invested in acres, in stores, in banks, may be easily lost; but money that is enfibred into character, that is turned into mental discipline, that is incorporated into working power, that is transmuted into intellectual, moral and physical manhood and womanhood, becomes an investment for time and eternity. "Give your boys and girls a chance to go to school" is the message we have to-day for the parents within reach of our voice, within the range of our paper. You will always rejoice that you have put within their reach the facilities and opportunities of the school, and they will rise up to call you blessed because of the service you have thus rendered them. —*Central Christian Advocate.*

GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN YOU.

The flowers will not cost you any more now than they did before your marriage. Now that the pretty girl you sent the flowers to is the mother, do you think she will not appreciate the flowers? As I stepped into a lovely room a few days ago, and looked at the great, tall roses, my friend, who has been married about three years, said to me, as I exclaimed at the beauty of the roses, "My husband sent them to me. He has kept me in flowers ever since our marriage, just as he did before we were married." And verily he has his reward in the radiant face of his wife. I said, calling her by name: "Any one, to look at you, would see there were no strained relationships in your case." In this case there was plenty of money, and perhaps some of you are saying: "I would give costly flowers, too, if I had the money." Smiles, kind, appreciative words, do not cost money, and they are imperishable flowers. If you married that you might have a housekeeper, do not be surprised if you only have a housekeeper. You will get in your family, as well as outside of it, what you give and no more. "Give, and it shall be given you," applies to the home, and many a woman gives her sweetest smiles to those outside the home, because from outside she gets them, rather than from inside where she ought to have them. So it will pay us to look at this subject from all sides. I am rather tired of seeing all the flowers at weddings and funerals; we need a few in between. Maybe a few flowers put into the hand when it was warm, instead of when icy cold, might have kept the hands warm a little longer. Anyway, it would have made the heart, that has at last ceased to beat, a little lighter. The first bit of poetry I ever remember to have committed to memory commenced:

"Let us love one another,
Not long may we stay."

—*Mrs. Bottome.*

VARIOUS SOUPS.

Corn Soup—Add one pint of grated green corn to a pint of hot water in which the cobs have been previously cooked; let it boil gently half an hour. Meanwhile bring one quart of milk to a boil in a double kettle and stir slowly into it a smooth batter made of a heaping tablespoonful of flour, half a tablespoonful of butter with a little milk. Then add the corn and cook eight minutes. Salt to taste.

Split Pea Soup.—Soak over night one cup of dried split peas. In the morning put them on to boil in three pints of fresh cold water. Let them simmer until dissolved adding, enough more water as it boils away to keep three pints of liquid in the kettle. Keep it well scraped from the sides of the kettle. When soft, rub through a strainer and put on to boil again. Add either water, stock, milk or cream, to make the required consistency, and stir into the soup while boiling and just before taking up, a smooth batter made of a tablespoonful of flour and three quarters of a teacup of cream, or made with water and half a tablespoonful of butter. Salt to taste. It may be varied by adding half a can of tomatoes before straining, or by boiling with the peas or a small onion, or by making the batter of corn meal instead of flour. Always use the split peas instead of the whole peas as the hulls have been removed from the former.

Split Pea Soup, No. 2.—Into five quarts of cold water put one quart of dried split peas, previously soaked several hours in cold water. Cut fine one carrot; one turnip, one onion, two tomatoes, two stalks of celery and add to the water, which should come slowly to a boil. Simmer three or four hours, stirring occasionally. Be careful that the vegetables do not scorch. Serve with or without straining, with bits of toasted bread.

Bean Soup. (without meat)—Soak one pint of dry marrowfat or soup beans over night. Put them on the fire next morning in two quarts of cold water letting them cook three or four hours or until thoroughly soft, adding boiling hot water as may be needed. They should be just soft and thin enough to strain through a fine colander, which will separate the hulls. Set again over the fire and add to it hot milk or cream or half milk and half cream until it is of the right consistency, a teaspoonful of sugar, and salt to the taste. Half a tablespoonful of butter may be added if desired, just before serving. If milk or cream cannot be had or for any reason it is not used, butter may be substituted, or meat stock.

Potato and Tomato Soup.—To three quarts of cold water add two stalks of celery cut fine and one onion thinly sliced, and five pints of potatoes peeled and quartered. Add one quart of stewed tomatoes and cook an hour. A cup of green grated corn may be added twenty minutes before the soup is done. Season to taste.

Fish Soup.—Into a quart of boiling water slice two or three good-sized potatoes, and put in a pound and a half of cod or haddock, washed and cut in pieces. Cover and cook gently half an hour. Remove the fish and break it into flakes taking out all the bones. Return it to the soup, add a pint of hot milk and salt to taste, and if not sufficiently thickened by the potatoes add a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little cold water. Let it boil up and serve immediately.—*Laws of Life.*

USEFUL HINTS.

A small quantity of salt put in eggs before beating will cause them to beat much finer and quicker.

Warmed skimmed milk (sweet) applied to an oilcloth or painted floor after washing will improve it wonderfully.

In making sauce for pudding, etc., mix the flour and sugar together first when dry adding the salt, and you will have a much smoother sauce.

All who have a partiality for good milk-toast should wet the vessel it is to be cooked in before the milk is put in. This process rightly done will hinder the milk from "catching."

To renew a dusty and discolored chandelier apply a mixture of bronze powder and copal varnish. The druggist where they are purchased will tell you in what proportion they should be mixed.

A tin dish will wear much longer and retain its color better if, before using at all, it is thoroughly greased with good lard (outside and in) and allowed to remain for some time before washing it off.

Half a dozen onions planted in the cellar where they can get a little light will do much toward absorbing and correcting the atmospheric impurities that are so apt to lurk in such places.

If you dip your broom in clear hot suds once a week, then shake it till it is almost dry, and then hang it up or stand it with the handle down, it will last twice as long as it would without this operation.

By immersing a lead pencil in a jar of linseed oil until it is thoroughly saturated, lead, wood and all, it will be found that the lead has been toughened and softened, and the pencil will outwear two of the untreated.

A handful of fine sand placed on a board to rub your flatirons on when ironing; also a piece of paper saturated with kerosene and the iron run over that after it has undergone the sand treatment will make the ironing process easier.

Dr. J. J. Ridge, physician to the London Temperance Hospital, while strongly condemning the use of alcoholic drinks (and especially brandy) in influenza, advises plenty of fresh fruit. He says: "There is nothing more grateful or appetising to a convalescent than fruit. The unfermented, that is, the unputrefied, juice of the grape, is an excellent restorative, and contains real nourishment which fermentation spoils; spirits, of course, contain no nourishment whatever. If grapes or unfermented wine are not obtainable, we can always get raisins, and these stewed, hot or cold, are suitable for all, while those who prefer it can take them raw. Oranges, lemons, apples, &c., are all good."

POTS AND PANS.

A great many housekeepers do not select their kitchen pots and pans with proper consideration of their use. While it is only a comparatively wealthy householder who can afford to furnish forth his kitchen with well-tinned copper saucepans, such as a professional chef uses, tinned iron saucepans, porcelain-lined saucepans, agateware and other enamelled wares, are within the reach of every one. One of the best kitchen utensils for certain purposes, the earthen pipkin, is the cheapest of all. It is true it does not last long, but it is so excellent and so well suited to its purpose that it pays to use one while it does last and buy another when it is done with. There are three or four degrees of boiling required in the cookery of various dishes. A great many dishes, notably soups, stews and braises of meats, require very slow and steady cooking, and a thick kettle is best for this purpose. A heavy iron kettle tinned on the inside is one of the best for this cooking. It cannot be done in a thin graniteware or tin successfully.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Cooking Cabbage.—Almost every one likes cauliflower if it is properly cooked, while few admit a fondness for cabbage. Yet it belongs to the same family, and can be made to taste much like cauliflower. It should be first parboiled for ten minutes, in a kettle of salted water; then drained and cooled, and again put in fresh water and cooked until tender. Served with a cream sauce in the same way that we have cauliflower or asparagus sent to the table, it is delicious. We cannot free ourselves too soon of the idea that this vegetable must be boiled with corned beef and eaten with vinegar.

Cheese Straws.—One of the latest conceits for the dinner table is the serving of some cheese dish. This is usually in the form of ramequins or cheese straws, both of which are delicious relishes. Cheese straws are easily made and always successful. Mix one cupful of grated cheese with a cupful of flour, a half-teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Add enough cold water to enable you to roll the paste thin; then cut it in strips seven inches long and one-half inch wide. Put them in tins and bake in a quick oven from five to ten minutes. They are often served tied with ribbons.

Baked Halibut Neck, Creole Style.—Wash four or five pounds of the fish in cold salted water, put in a dish that it can be served in on the table. Have half an ounce of butter in the bottom of the pan to keep the fish from burning. Over the top of the fish pour a quart of tomatoes, put over it a small onion (two tablespoonfuls) peeled and sliced, salt and pepper, and half an ounce of butter in bits. A bit of garlic the size of a pea will enrich the flavor. Bake until the flakes separate, about half an hour. Serve in the dish in which it was baked.

Harlequin Cake.—Take one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of butter, two-thirds cup of milk, whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, two teaspoons of baking powder, two small cups of flour. After mixing this, divide into three parts leaving one of the parts white. Add to one part the yolks of two eggs and one tablespoon of flour; to the third part add enough red sugar to color it. Put it together with frosting.

Hot Corn Cake.—One and one-half cups of corn-meal, one-half cup of flour, three even teaspoons of baking powder. Mix these well together, and then add one teaspoon of salt, one and one-half teaspoons of melted butter, one beaten egg and one-half cup of sugar and one cup of sweet cream.

Rolls.—Seven cups of flour, one pint of sweet milk, two-thirds cup of yeast, one-fourth cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of butter, and a little salt. If wanted for tea, mix in the morning and set in a warm place to rise. Stir them down at noon, and let them rise again till about 2 o'clock. Then roll out about an inch thick, spread with butter, fold over and cut out. Raise again, and bake. If compressed yeast is used, take less than one-third of a cake. A quarter of a cake would probably answer.

Fish Cakes.—Take any cold fish which is left (boiled is best), pick out all the bones and skin, pick fine, chop enough cold boiled potatoes to make twice the quantity of fish you have, beat up an egg and stir in, make into round cakes and fry in a kettle of hot fat.

PUZZLES NO. 20.

DIAMOND.

A consonant; a step; interstices; a rampart; a pigment; a body of water; a consonant.

WHAT I FOUND.

Rummaging in an apartment that was used for a store-room, I found the following articles: An animal that often infests such places, a piece of the kitchen range, something that belonged in the kitchen among the spices, a fragment, and a badge of royalty.

The names of these are all found in the name of the place.

BEHEADINGS.

Complete, I am pleasant: behead me, and I am real estate; again, and I am a conjunction. 2. Complete, I am a fence; behead, and I am a bring or margin. 3. Complete, I am a term used in botany; behead, and I am a geographical term; again, I am an animal. 4. Complete, I am limited; beheaded, I am used by hypocrites; behead again, and I am a little animal. 5. Behead peril, and leave rage. 6. Behead to cut, and leave one of the senses; again, and leave part of the head.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. Jasper, the tide is very low. 2. Do very large apples grow on that tree. 3. Anna then saw that she could not catch the train. 4. Augustus, are you coming with us to hear Allan sing? 5. Is a bear's den very large and dark? 6. Elsa, lemons look a little like oranges. 7. Do you wear your hear in a bang, or not?

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 23, 6, 21 is to loiter.
My 19, 1, 4, 15 is a grain.
My 8, 16, 3, 12 is an ornamentation.
My 5, 22, 14, 17, 13 is an animal.
My 7, 13, 1, 2 is a kind of duck.
My 9, 10, 18, 8 is a fish.
My 11, 19, 6, 21 is a small reptile.
My 20, 10, 18 is a metal.
My whole is a proverb.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Thou that art that life and knowledge lend.
2. To bring to an untimely end.
3. Misfortunes that on some descend.

1. A painful wrench that makes one frown.
2. A portion of my lady's gown.
3. The blessing that the clouds send down.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 19.

Dropped Letters.—1. Feasted, fasted, fated. 2. Boasted, basted, bated. 3. Marine, Maine, mane. 4. Chord, cord, cod. 5. Strake, stake, sake. 6. Burlin, burn, bun.

Charade.—U-ten-sil.

Numerical Enigma.—

Goliath—1 Sam. 17. 4.
Esther—Esther 2. 7.
Heaven—Matt. 6. 20.
Wine—Prov. 22. 1.
Elias—Matt. 17. 10.
Pilate—Matt. 27. 24.

K and Y—"All we like sheep have gone astray." —Isaiah 53. 6.

A Hidden Bouquet.—1. Pansies; 2. verbena; 3. orchis; 4. peony; 5. aster; 6. arbutus; 7. lilies; 8. calla; 9. forget-me-not; 10. pink; 11. cypress vine; 12. daisy; 13. syringa; 14. feverfew; 15. lilac; 16. clematis.

Beheadings.—1. Scowl—coul—owl. 2. Skin—kin—in. 3. Cheat—heat—eat—at—t. 4. Swan—wan—an. 5. Spear—pear—ear. 6. Trace—race. 7. Slink—link—ink.

The Family Circle.

THOU AND I.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Strange, strange for thee and me
Sadly afar;
Thou safe, beyond, above,
I 'neath the star;
Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade;
Thou in God's paradise,
I 'mid the shade.

Thou where each gale breathes balm,
I tempest tossed;
Thou where true joy is found,
I where 'tis lost.
Thou counting ages thine,
I not the morrow;
Thou learning more of bliss,
I more of sorrow.

Thou in eternal peace,
I 'mid earth's strife;
Thou where care hath no name,
I where 'tis life.
Thou without need of hope,
I where 'tis vain;
Thou with wings dropping light,
I with time's chain.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever;
Thou by Life's deathless fount,
I near Death's river:
Thou winning Wisdom's lore,
I strength to trust;
Thou 'mid the seraphim,
I in the dust.

SAVING THE EXPRESS.

BY JAMES BUCKHAN.

"Well, Kent, I guess we can spare you for a couple of weeks, if you would like to take a vacation," said the General Manager of the C., D. and P. railway.

Kent Ballard was night telegraph operator for the C., D. and P. road, in the big terminal station at Chicago. He was eighteen years old, and as bright, capable and faithful an employee as the company had in their entire system. As the General Manager came and leaned over the window-shelf of the telegraph office, with his pleasant announcement, Kent looked up gladly and gratefully.

"I would like a little outing, sir," he said, "if it is perfectly convenient. It's been pretty steady work the past year; and I must confess that I am a bit tired. When can you spare me, sir?"

"Day after to-morrow, if you wish. We will have a man at our disposal then, and can put him on your work for a couple of weeks. Have you any idea what you would like to do, or where you would like to go—any vacation plan in which I could be of assistance to you?"

Kent hesitated a moment. "I have had a plan in my mind for some time, sir," he said, at length; "but I hardly dare to mention it, even now. I would be asking a great favor of the road."

"Out with it, my boy!" cried the General Manager. "If it doesn't involve us too deeply in financial embarrassment"—and he laughed good-humoredly—"I can promise you it will be granted."

"I want to make a trip over the road in a locomotive," said Kent. "I should like to go clear to the Pacific coast, if there is time. If I could venture to ask you for permission to go out and back with the engineer of one of the overland expresses"—

"Why, of course you can, my boy!" exclaimed the General Manager. "Say no more about it. Make all your preparations, and come to my office to-morrow for your pass and written permit, in case anybody should dispute your right of way. I will speak to Mr. Faley, the engineer of the mid-week overland, and he will be ready for you on Thursday's out-bound trip."

"Thank you, sir—ever so much!" cried Kent. "It will be a great pleasure to me, and I shall never forget your kindness."

Kent Ballard told his mother, next morning, that his pet vacation project was to be realized. "I've always longed to cross the Rockies and see the Pacific," he said; "and now, if you can spare me for a couple of weeks, mother, I am off. Fred and George will take good care of you. They have had their vacations already, you know."

On Wednesday Kent went up to the General Manager's office and got his pass and permit. "I have also reserved section twelve in the sleeper for you," said the Manager. "You will want a good comfortable bed at night, you know. Here is your ticket. And as for your meals, get them in the buffet-car, regularly. The steward understands."

"Oh, sir! you are too kind!" cried Kent.

"No, I am not!" laughed the Manager. "A man can't be too kind—it's impossible. You must remember, too, that you have served us faithfully, in a difficult and responsible position, for three years. You deserve a favor now and then, according to my way of looking at things. Well, good-by to you, and a pleasant trip!"

The mid-week overland express pulled out, at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, with Kent Ballard in the cab of the big mogul locomotive. "Our first run will be express for fifty miles," said Mr. Faley, the engineer, "and you will have a good chance to see how No. 312 behaves."

It was a trip full of profit and delight to the young telegraph operator. He was very fond of all kinds of machinery, and the mechanism of the engine proved a most fascinating study, as they whirled along over the rails. Then the ever-changing scenery; the bustling cities and towns along the routes; the big rivers over which they steamed on spider-web steel bridges; the wide level prairies, across which they raced at whirlwind speed, occasionally sighting a herd of deer or frightening up a flock of prairie chickens—all these things made an endless programme of interest and pleasure for Kent Ballard. Then what a thrill passed through him, when at last they came in sight of the towering Rockies, with their terraced foothills, like Nature's doorstep to the threshold of the mighty range.

So far the overland express had whirled on in its long western trip, without the slightest adventure. There had not even been an hour's delay. The train was sharp on time, and, if everything went well, its journey would be completed in twelve hours. They had now reached the ascending gravel over the foothills, and were slowly crawling upward toward the pass, between the great snow-capped peaks, through which they were to gain the Pacific slope. The scenery was indescribably grand and Kent's eyes never wearied of feasting upon it. "Oh, if mother could only see these grand mountains!" he thought. "And if I ever get promoted to a good salary she shall!"

Nine hours passed, and at length the great engine, with an almost human sigh of relief, stopped, panting, on a side track at the Summit Station of the "divide." A train of flat-cars, loaded with stone, and drawn by two locomotives, was slowly puffing up the western grade. The express had to wait on the siding until this freight train should pass and leave the main track clear. While they were waiting, Kent Ballard left the engine, and took his seat on the rear platform of the last car, where he could look back at the grand snow-capped mountains they had just passed.

The heavy freight train struggled up the grade, until it had passed the lower end of the siding, and then stopped at the water tank on the main track. A few minutes later the express pulled out, and the switchman again set the main track open. Kent remained on the rear platform of the train, looking back at the mountains. Presently he saw the freight train endeavor to start up again. The engines backed a trifle, and then, as the car brakes were released, went forward with a jerk.

Kent Ballard suddenly jumped to his feet. What could it mean?—the freight train seemed to be backing down the heavy grade after the express, instead of going straight ahead. But no! the engines and the main part of the train were going the other way. Then the startling truth flashed upon the young man. The jerking start of the heavy engines had broken the train in two, and the rear part of it, without a brakeman aboard, was running wild down the steep grade after the express!

What was to be done! Fortunately, Kent Ballard was not one to be easily confused in an emergency. He was noted for always "having his wits about him." Plainly, the first thing to do was to warn the engineer of the express. But this must be done without alarming the passengers and throwing them into a panic. Some persons would have been just foolish enough, on making the discovery which Kent had, to run back through the train, crying: "Get ready to jump for your lives! There's a runaway freight train on the track behind us!" But Kent did not even hurry through the cars, on his way forward to the engine, lest he should thereby excite the suspicions of the passengers. Even the brakemen did not suspect any danger from his actions, as he passed through the train. But as soon as he reached the baggage car, where the conductor was sitting, he motioned the latter to follow him. Rushing to the forward platform he climbed on top of the tender, and shouted: "Faley!"

The engineer did not hear him at first.

"Faley!"

The man turned quickly.

"Crowd on steam! That freight train has broken in two and is chasing us down the grade!"

"Good God!" exclaimed the conductor, who had followed Kent out on the platform of the baggage car. "Let her out, Faley! I will go back and signal you from the rear car."

The conductor disappeared, and Kent crawled over the tender into the engine cab. Faley had already "let her out" as much as he dared on so steep a grade. Presently, however, came the clear signal of the conductor's bell—"More steam!" Faley's hand was on the throttle; but he hesitated. "It's worse to jump the rails than to get overhauled on the track," he muttered. "But here goes! I'm in this cab to obey orders."

He threw the throttle wider open, and the great engine rocked and plunged at more terrific speed down the sharp incline.

"Those stone cars must be terribly heavy," exclaimed Kent.

"Yes; how many of them broke loose—do you know?" asked Faley.

"Not exactly," replied Kent; "but I should say four or five."

"Enough to smash the whole express to bits!" muttered the engineer. "It's curious how much faster a loaded freight car can travel, on a down grade, than a locomotive, even. Seems to get a greater momentum. Good heavens! he wants more steam!"

The conductor's bell clamored its signal twice. Faley threw the throttle wide open. "There," he exclaimed; "if that doesn't save us, it will smash us!"

Kent Ballard had been thinking very hard for a few minutes. A project was forming itself in his mind. Suddenly he grasped the engineer by the sleeve, and asked, eagerly:

"How far ahead is the next station?"

"About five miles."

"Siding there?"

"Yes."

"Telegraph operator?"

"Yes."

"Good! I have a plan. Let me work the whistle. I'll signal them! What is the name of the station?"

"Mineville."

Kent Ballard grasped the whistle cord. In sounds corresponding to those of the Morse code when ticked out by the instrument, he signaled—

"Mineville! attention!"

After a few seconds' pause, he repeated the call. "How far are we from the station now?" he asked.

"Between three and four miles," answered the engineer. "You can calculate a little more than a mile to the minute."

Kent repeated the call once more, and allowed a pause of ten seconds. Then he telegraphed, by sounds—

"Open the siding, quick!"

Then a pause of ten seconds, and again—

"Open the siding!"

The station was now in sight. Men were running to and fro in front of it.

"I've telegraphed them to open the siding!" shouted Kent in Faley's ear; for the train was roaring and thundering on at terrific speed.

"And sure enough, they've done it!" exclaimed Faley, shutting off steam and setting the air brakes. "The signal says 'siding open.' You've either killed us or cured us—depends on how close behind the freight cars are."

It was a minute of terrible suspense. The express, its speed slackened just in time by the powerful air brakes, glided on to the siding. Would there be time to throw open the main track again, before the runaway freight cars came on?

"Jump!—we've done everything we can," cried Faley to Kent and the fireman, as the express stopped on the siding. Even as they jumped, there was a roar like a thunder peal on the right side of the engine, and a dark shadow passed with the swiftness of lightning.

It was the runaway freight cars, thundering by on the main track! The station master had thrown open the switch rod and closed the siding, just in time.

It was not long after this experience that Kent Ballard got his promotion; and the next time he visited the Rockies it was as Assistant General Passenger Agent of the C., D. and P. railway. On this trip he brought his mother with him in a Pullman car.

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.

If in America I have learned much, I have arrived, too, at the conclusion that to know anything about a matter we must go and inquire for ourselves. I was told that Prohibition was a failure. I went to Maine to inquire into the truth of that for myself. Many years ago, when quite a girl, I received, I remember, from my father a letter telling me that Longfellow was coming to visit us, and that as my father would not be at home I was to entertain him. As I was quite a girl and had not been introduced into society, I confess I was somewhat afraid. Well, the dear old man came, with his grand face and his sweet, kindly ways, and he has always lived in my heart as a beautiful memory. When I went to Portland, I thought I should like to see the place where he had lived, but I went not alone to see the home of Longfellow, with all his literary reputation and influence among men, but to see and to stay in the home of that Grand Old Man of America, General Neal Dow. I felt that there I was in the very heart of this question. General Neal Dow pointed out to me the monument of Longfellow, but I thought that Portland, with its bright streets, from which were absent those lights which tell of crime and misery, Portland, with its inhabitants happy and prosperous, was the only monument that was needed for the General's fame. The authorities told me they had for three months saved the liquor they had seized in order that I might see it poured down the town sewers. I shall never forget the scene when we went down into the cellars of the Town Hall. There were barrels marked sugar, containing the flasks which were to be passed from pocket to pocket. There were cans marked milk, there were cases of oil, and every device which human ingenuity could suggest in order to smuggle this thing into the State. I thought this, at least, was a witness as to whether Prohibition had failed. To call Prohibition a failure in Maine is like declaring that laws are a failure because they are still thieves. The practical outcome of the law I witnessed on visiting the gaol. I saw the liquor sellers there. If you go into this question seriously, there is not the slightest doubt of the immense success in America of the Prohibition law. The prosperity of the country districts of Maine speaks for itself. Go into any of the common schools of the State and ask the children if they have ever seen a man drunk. Not one hand is held up. But when I came back again, and landed from the "Teutonic," and went into the streets of Liverpool, I thought would to God something of that kind prevailed here. The little ragged children growing up worse than heathens, the wretched women, the degradation on so many faces, tell a tale of this wonderful and prosperous city, with which we are too familiar. There is Prohibition in Kansas, and everywhere in that State are smiling and prosperous people, free to enjoy the good gifts which God has poured out on that favored and happy country.—*Lady Henry Somerset.*

THE PRISON OF ST. PETER.

In the first century of the Christian era, there was no more bitter and relentless foe of the followers of Christ than Herod Agrippa. After the Ascension of Christ the Apostles had returned to Jerusalem and there awaited the manifestation of the Holy Spirit, which took place at Pentecost. This was followed by a season of vigorous preaching and the performance of many miracles by the Apostles. Their success in spreading the Christian belief stirred up the Pharisees and Sadducees to active antagonism. The Apostles were seized and cast into prison on the charge of disseminating "pernicious doctrine."

At the trial which took place before the Sanhedrin, Peter took a bold stand, in justification of their course, and Annas and Caiaphas, the High Priests, were incensed. They were unable to hold the prisoners, however, and liberated them. After this, the Apostles preached boldly and openly, converts grew, and multitudes came to Jerusalem, attracted by the sturdy eloquence of Peter, as well as by the wonderful miracles that were talked of all over Palestine. Once more Peter and John and several others with them, were cast into prison by the envious Sadducees, but the entire party was released by an angel as related in Acts 5: 18-22.

It was after this that the first organization of the Christian church was effected and deacons were elected. The fate of Stephen—one of the most successful of the teachers—who was accused and stoned to death outside the walls, saddened but did not discourage the devoted band. While Peter was in Joppa the incident of the conversion of Cornelius, the centurion of the Italian band, occurred, and this further stirred up the bitter feelings of the Jewish ecclesiastics.

After a long season of good works, the Christians were again laid under the harrow of persecution when Herod the Tetrarch began a relentless war upon them. James the Just, the brother of Jesus, was his first victim. Ananus, the High Priest, a violent Sadducee, together with the Sanhedrin, condemned him as a law-breaker and he was beheaded publicly. This outrage awoke the resentment of the better class of citizens who protested to Herod, and Ananus was deposed from the priesthood. Josephus, the famous historian, declares that Jerusalem was demolished as a result of the slaughter of James the Just.

Herod was relentless, however, and persevered in his war on the Apostles, and many in certain quarters, including the priesthood, being gratified by the killing of James, Herod now resolved to make sacrifice of Peter. The Apostle was arrested, but as the Passover was at hand, it was decided to defer his execution until after that festival.

Tradition, seemingly well authenticated, points out the ancient building shown in the illustration on this page as the prison into which Peter was cast. On being arrested by Herod's order, he was delivered to four quaternions of soldiers and put into this stronghold, which, like the tower of Antonia, was at that time doubtless used as a public gaol. He was manacled to his guards, being chained to them by the ankles and the wrists.

We are told that Herod's intention was to bring him forth to the people—presumably to be delivered to them and very likely to meet his fate at their hands. But so magnificent had been Peter's work among the churches, and so desirous were the disciples everywhere of securing his liberation that "prayer was made without ceasing unto God for him." Then followed that great miracle which surprised an entire nation; yet which seems to have been simply a potent manifestation of the power of prevailing prayer. On the night preceding the day when he was to be taken out, Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, to whom he was bound with chains, while by the door of the prison a special guard was kept. Herod well knew the fact that he had the greatest of all the apostles chained, and he intended to keep him a prisoner until he delivered him to death.

In the middle of the night, the guard being asleep, the angel of the Lord awoke Peter; the chains fell from his hands and, sentinels on discovering Peter's escape. Herod, maddened by his disappointment, commanded that they should be put to death. Shortly after this the cruel and ambitious king perished miserably but "the Word of God grew and multiplied."

The prison of Peter, as now seen in Jerusalem, is well nigh a total ruin, but its noble front still stands and, though time-worn and grass-grown, shows many traces of the strength and beauty of the original structure where the great apostle was held in duress. Several years ago, the ancient building was ceded by the Ottoman authorities to the German Government, and the royal eagles of Prussia are now seen suspended over the iron gateway. Since the keeping of this valued relic of apostolic days passed into German hands, it is better tended and more inviting than when it belonged to the Mussulmans, who regard everything Christian with contempt. A guard is stationed at the gateway and a dragoman conducts tourists through the interior. It has been claimed by some writers that "Peter's Prison" is identical with the prison referred to in the old Tes-

THE PRISON OF ST. PETER IN JERUSALEM.

guided by his shining visitor, he passed through the gates that opened of their own accord. Not a sound escaped to awaken Herod's sleeping sentinels. The two passed the first and the second wards of the prison, and then came to the iron gate "that leadeth into the city," and to freedom. This, too, opened at the angel's touch, and after they had passed some little distance from the prison and were quite clear of any immediate danger of pursuit, the angel left Peter. The apostle found himself at the door of the house of Mary, the mother of Mark.

On knocking, the door of the dwelling was opened by the damsel, Rhoda, who knew him. She closed it suddenly, believing she had seen a spirit, and, running back, informed the company of Christians gathered in the room that Peter had knocked. Some laughed at her credulity, while others rose and hurriedly went to the portal, Rhoda leading. Great was the joy of the little company when the apostle was finally admitted, and showed himself to them, telling of his experience and his angelic liberation. We may imagine the consternation of the prison keepers and tament, Neh. 3: 24 and 25, and Jer. 32: 2; 38 and 6, but this is possibly conjecture.

Peter's special Gospel work was continued vigorously after his miraculous deliverance. The Christian Church had already been founded, and he had opened its gates to both Jews and Gentiles. He left Jerusalem, and after laboring among the churches in Judea, visiting, confirming and preaching, he once more returned to the sacred city, where his great controversy with Paul took place. Afterwards we find him at Antioch, mingling with the Gentiles, and disregarding all ceremonial distinctions. In the last year of his life Peter visited Rome, as some writers assert, in the company of Paul. This was at a time when the tide of public feeling against the Christians, as well as the Jews, ran high in the Roman capital. The populace, infuriated at the recent conflagration, which they attributed to Nero's wild debaucheries, were clamorous for victims on whom to wreak their anger, and Nero adroitly caused it to be circulated that the Jews and Christians were the incendiaries. Thousands were arrested and slain, either by wild beasts, by crucifixion, by fire or the sword. There are varying accounts of Paul's death, some historians holding that he was fed to the lions. The end of Peter is better authenticated. After a most touching farewell to Paul, Peter, who had been condemned to be crucified, was taken from his prison and led to the top of the Vatican Mount, near the Tiber. Seeing the cross, he pleaded with the guards for the privilege of being exposed head downward, declaring himself unworthy to suffer in the same attitude as his Divine Master. The wish was granted. His body was taken down and embalmed by Marcellinus, a Presbyter, and buried near the Vatican by the Appian Way, two miles from Rome, whence, in the time of Pope Cornelius, it was conveyed to the Eternal City. Years afterward, Constantine took it from its obscure resting-place and entombed it magnificently. The wife of Peter is also said to have yielded up her life as a testimony to the faith.—*Christian Herald.*

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

A laboring man with whom I was conversing in reference to religion, remarked to me, in answer to the query what led him to think about his soul: "I worked three years alongside of Mr. B.; I thought if Christianity could do so much for him, I wanted to have it." O friends, there is the power of a holy life! I would not decry the value of the more stirring efforts and conspicuous endeavors, but I would emphasize the need of cultivating that deep and vital piety within which flows out in noiseless but convincing example, winning man to the Master.

There lived in an English town a little old woman, seventy years of age, poor and feeble. A sermon on foreign missions so fired her enthusiasm, she went and offered herself as a missionary for Africa. The rector gently told her that her work was at home. She might pray for the cause and send her alms. So she began saving her pennies from her scant earnings, anxious to do something for the missionary work. In that same place lived a rich young nobleman, who cared more for his dogs than for religious enterprises. He at length heard of the old lady and of her singular zeal and self-denial; for it became the talk of the community. He went to see her one day. He found her in tears, utterly disappointed and discouraged. She said that people only laughed at her, and what she had gathered together as the fruit of such pains amounted to but a few shillings. "My barley loaves are worthless," was her despairing cry. That very night she died. The next day found the young man alone, with his head bowed between his hands. The Spirit of God was moving upon his heart. The result was that he that night wrote a letter offering himself as a missionary for Africa. Thus was the faith and love of the now sainted woman rewarded and the power of a living belief illustrated. — *Rev. Wilton Merle Smith.*

THE DEVIL feels about sure of the man who isn't quite ready to be saved.

HELEN.

A big hat
And some tumbled curls,
That's the head of
The sweetest of girls.
A tucked frock
And an armful of posies,
Here is one of
Her favorite roses.
Two little shoes
Without any heels
In order to know
How the firm ground feels,
You want the picture,
I'm sure you do,
For you'd love Helen
And she'd love you!

—Marcia B. Jordan, in Youth's Companion.

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER VII.—*(Continued.)*

Friday rose up in bed, clasping his hands.

"Oh, my Crusoe is ill! You would bring him if you could! He licked so funnily, and he was so cold—I know it has made him ill to stay in the wood!"

"Friday, lie down" said the Doctor. Friday caught his hand and clung to it

"But you will make Crusoe better?" he implored. "Like you make me better. Oh, why don't you speak. I can't help being naughty; I must go down-stairs to my dear Crusoe!"

The Doctor waited a moment, and then spoke.

"Friday, you must be very good now because I am going to tell you the truth. I cannot make Crusoe better; no one in the world can do it. He is dead; he died in the wood."

Friday sat still and motionless, his eyes fixed.

"You know what I mean, Friday, don't you?" said the Doctor gently.

Friday nodded his head.

"Who made him dead?" he said, in a slow heavy voice. "Did I?"

"Oh, no, Friday; he was shot."

"Did it hurt him much?"

"I think not—at last," said the Doctor hesitatingly.

"Is he quite, quite dead?"

"Quite dead, little friend. Remember that I told you because I thought you would be a good boy."

"I will," said Friday. He drew a deep sigh. "I am not crying."

The Doctor was not sure that he would not rather he were crying.

"Perhaps you will cry a little, Friday, and then go to sleep. Crying is not always naughty, you know."

"I don't want to cry," said Friday, lying down; "I am thinking about my Crusoe."

"And by-and-by you will go to sleep?"

"I am not sure. I have a great many things to think about."

The Doctor stood by his bed-side, and Friday was very quiet.

"Getting sleepy, *Friday?*"

"No. I am thinking that Crusoe was nobler than I was. If I had been shot, I should have cried; but Crusoe was so very *good*; he kept on loving me all the time. I think I remember when he died—he tried to lick me. Oh, Crusoe, I didn't know!"

Friday turned his face to the wall. The Doctor waited a while till he thought he was asleep, and then went away softly. Just as he reached the door, he heard a sound and looked back. Friday had raised his wan little face from the pillow.

"I beg your pardon for not being asleep," he said with extreme gentleness and politeness; "but if you please, will you tell George that I am afraid I shall perhaps have a sore throat to-morrow, and if he would dig my Crusoe's grave it would be very kind of him. Tell him under the acacia, because when the wind blows through the tree he will sleep sound, like the man with Captain John. Ask him to give him one kiss, a gentle one, on his head, if you please. And now I will try to go to sleep; but I wish I hadn't been a Friday's child, it does so hurt sometimes. But I will be *good* all the *same*—I will be good; and that is all, thank you."

. . . . . .

And the next day Friday was very ill and the day after, and the day after, and for many days after. He was always in bed, and Mrs. Hammond nursed him very kindly, and the Doctor came to see him twice a day, and sometimes in the night. And then he began to get better, and George would come and talk a little to him, which was very good of George; and the Doctor only came once a day. And after a while he gave over coming, and Friday got up, and they said he was better.

And after another while they told him that Mrs. Hammond was going to take him, and Kitty and Nellie, to Devonshire for change of air, and Friday weakly rejoiced, and began to get out the travel-books again.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The mistress' compliments, and could the Doctor come up to see master Friday?"

It was the young groom who had the charge of George's horse, and he was waiting at the Doctor's door. And so the Doctor did come up, and was received by Mrs. Hammond, who ought to have been in Devonshire at that minute.

"No, sir, When it came to the time, Master Friday was not well enough to go, and Miss Daly had to take the young ladies."

The Doctor did not seem surprised; he seemed to be more occupied in tracing the pattern of the carpet with his eye.

"No," he said, "I thought it would be so. How is he to-day?"

"I should say but middling, sir. He isn't in bed, and he never says he feels ill, but he looks it, and I hope you will think it only fretting at being left behind. He took it sadly to heart at first, but I think he's used himself to it now. It was the mistress wished you to be sent for, sir. She is quite shocked and put about at the change in his looks, and she couldn't feel easy till you had come."

"Yes," said the Doctor, and paused; then concluded, "I can see him at least." It was a curious answer, Mrs. Hammond thought.

"I will go up now," he added, rousing himself. "I suppose he is in the nursery?"

"Yes, sir. And the mistress would like to hear of him as you come down."

"I will see her. Thank you, Mrs. Hammond. Perhaps I had better go to the nursery alone."

He went up the stairs, and down the passage, and opened the door of the square old room where Friday chiefly lived now.

He was sitting in his tall chair by the window, with his books near him on the window-seat, but he was not reading. It was only a very shadowy smile that he could summon up by way of greeting, but he held out his hand, and the Doctor *shook it with ceremonious courtesy.*

"Good-day," responded Friday gravely; "I am very well, thank you. I did not stand up because my high chair is bad to get out of by myself. Will you sit down in Mrs. Hammond's seat?"

The Doctor took it, a great chintz-covered rocking-chair, and sat opposite to Friday, slowly rocking himself with much seeming laziness, and glancing keenly at the little figure from under his eyelashes. Friday was very thin and large-eyed, and rather a languid little host; but his behavior was scrupulously exact, and he sat up with his hands on the elbows of his chair.

"Mrs. Hammond said you would come to see me, because I cannot go out. I am very much obliged to you. I am very, very glad to see you. Please stay."

"I will," said the Doctor, "as long at I can. And how are you to-day, Friday?"

"I am quite well, thank you," answered Friday; "but Mrs. Hammond says I am rather ill, and she knows about it. But I am a little tired. I miss my Crusoe a good deal."

"I dare say. Friday," said the Doctor, though he looked almost ashamed to say it, "if you would like another doggie I could get one for you. Just as black and curly as Crusoe."

"Thank you," said Friday diffidently; "but I would rather not, if you please."

"I thought you would say so. But is there anything you would like?"

"No, thank you. I couldn't love it like Crusoe. We loved each other very much, and meant to possess one grave, like the people in the Babes in the Wood, when we had finished our travels, but now we can't. Crusoe is buried under the acacia, and it will bloom white over him every year. George did it; he is very kind. I can't see the acacia from this window. My knee feels very empty for Crusoe sometimes, and I think about him in bed. He was such a dear dog."

A great tear trickled down Friday's cheek and splashed in his lap, but the melancholy dignity of his face forbade remark, and the Doctor pretended he had not seen it.

"And so Friday could not go to Devonshire!" he said.

"No," said Friday.

"That was a very unfortunate thing."

"Yes," answered Friday, "it's with being a Friday. I can't help it."

"Did it feel very hard?"

"I minded at first," said Friday; "I minded very much, and I cried, and I was naughty to Mrs. Hammond. I was sorry after. I have tried to be cheerful since but I don't always do it very well. So then I read about my captains."

"Yes, you have plenty of books there."

"George has brought me some, but I like my old ones best. I felt that I wanted something very nice to read to-day, and I have read about the Perilous Vale, and the way to Paradise. Yesterday I read 'Master Frobisher,' the part where the "Anne Frances" ship struck on a rock, and the crew made a pinnesse, and they had no nails, so they broke their tongs and gridiron, and everything in bits. And Master Captain Best went on doing his duty in this pinnesse, and went on with the voyage, and a storm came, and the Captain sent his men into the ship "Michael" and stayed in the pinnesse himself, because the ship "Michael" would not hold all; and then the pinnesse presently shivered and fell in pieces, and sank. Master Captain Best is one of my nice men. And in another place a dreadful storm came, and the ice closed in on the ships, and came in so fast on them that they looked for death, and the barque "Dionyse" sank, and the fleet was abashed; but the dear men got out the boats in the great and dreadful ice, and saved all the men. And the storm grew worse, and the ice was above the top masts, and it pressed the ships so that it was pitiful to behold. And they lay all night looking for death; but God made the wind cease in the morning, and they got out of the ice, and praised God for their deliverance. I read it in 'Master Frobisher' yesterday, and then I had him under my pillow all night. And Zachary has been up here to see me, and he told me all about Captain John again, and I have read about my good ship's carpenter, and I dreamed about him. And I think I cannot wait much longer to go and find my undiscovered country—and how soon do you think I shall be able to go and explore by myself?"

The Doctor opened his eyes, and looked full at Friday's earnest face. He leaned forward, with his arms resting on his knees, and said, "Do you want to be an explorer so very much, Friday?"

"It is my great thing," said Friday; "I want it most of all."

"But suppose it could not be, what would you do then?"

"It must be," said Friday, "it must be, because I can't help it. I hear it calling, and I shall be obliged to go, like Zachary's man."

"But, Friday, an explorer's life is a very hard one; so hard and bitter that you cannot imagine it."

"I know," answered Friday, "it is like Behring's. He died of want, and nakedness, and cold, and sickness, and impatience, and despair."

"Yes; and many, many more have died in the same way. They have given their whole lives to their work, and then died before they succeeded. Think how many have failed in your books, Friday; and even when they did succeed, think how few had any return here. Little honor, and no reward."

"Sometimes their hearts broke over it," said Friday.

"And if it were so with the captains, what of the men, Friday? Think what they suffered, think how they died, and then think that their very names are forgotten."

"Yes, I have thought; and it makes me love them more, because they were so brave through all."

"Yes, Friday, they were great men. Their courage is one of the noblest things we can think of; but there is a thing that is even braver still. It needs a very brave heart, Friday, and sometimes it is so bitter that all the cold and want of the explorers seem light to it. And one reason that makes it the hardest thing, is that after needing the greatest courage a man can give to it, generally no one knows that it has been brave at all; and that is why it is so hard a thing to do cheerfully and patiently."

"What is it?" said Friday.

The doctor raised his head, and was looking out of the window.

"Do you know what a heart's desire is, Friday?"

"I have read about it in my books; it is one's great thing, like Captain John's open water."

"Yes."

"Then what is the brave thing?"

"It is giving up the heart's desire."

"I don't know what you mean," said Friday, humbly. "Is it a tale you are telling me?"

"Yes, Friday; it is the story of some one who is called to give up a heart's desire."

"Why?"

"I do not know. Very often we do not know why; but in my story some one planned his heart's desire—" The Doctor spoke more and more slowly, and stopped.

"And did he have it?"

"No; because a Hand, a very strong and a very gentle Hand, laid itself on his desire, as if One said *No.*"

"And is that all?"

"I think there is not much more, Friday. We are near the end of the tale."

(To be Continued.)

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER VIII -*(Continued.)*

"I don't understand what it means ; is it a tale in a book?"

"No, Friday, it is quite true."

"What did he do?"

"That is what will be the end of the tale."

"I think it is a very hard story" said Friday ; "and if you please, will you tell me what it means?"

"Yes ; it is a very hard story, little friend," said the Doctor, and he leaned forward and looked at Friday more gravely and kindly than ever he had done before. "It is your story, Friday ; God has said No to your heart's desire."

"Do you mean—do you mean—I mayn't be an explorer," said Friday, panting.

"Yes, Friday, I do mean that."

"Oh, why?"

Friday had slipped down from his high chair, and was standing at the Doctor's knee, his eyes dilated, his face white, and his chest heaving.

"Because God says No, Friday."

"Won't He let Friday?"

Since his illness he had often fallen back into the old baby-way of speaking of himself.

"I think not."

"What does he want Friday to do?" Friday's voice had failed to a whisper, and he was trembling so much that he had laid his hands on the Doctor's knees. The doctor took the tiny, cold fingers in his firm hands, and spoke very, very tenderly.

"Friday, dear, I think God means you to stay here with us a little longer, before He sends a message. I think he means to first send you something to bear, a little pain perhaps, and a good deal of tiredness ; and he calls you to lay down that heart's desire ; and this is the brave thing that must be done so cheerfully and patiently."

Friday stood as if he were in a dream, he did not understand all that the Doctor said; but he did understand that the long earthly journey of his dreams was not to be. And in the midst of that icy coldness and dreadful aching, Friday wondered if Captain John felt like this when his heart broke ; yet Captain John did that brave thing. And then on that small battle-field little Friday fought his fight—and conquered. It was one dim puzzle of pain, and confusion, and disappointment ; but in the thick of the darkness Friday grasped at the clue; at the one thing he could comprehend and hold fast ; at that simple old guide to which we might well hold, and save ourselves from the bewildering maze of our own vain creating, we, older and, in our own eyes, wiser than little Friday.

His eyes were blind with a mist of tears, his breath came in sobs, and he could scarcely utter the words ; but he lifted his face and made his last little valorous stand.

"Friday will be good.

There was silence in the nursery. There was silence in the room below, where grandmother was lying, except for a fitful sound of feeble sobbing from her bed. Mrs. Hammond was trying to soothe her, in the pauses of wiping her own eyes and the Doctor was standing on the hearth, his arm resting on the chimney-piece. Grandmother was wailing softly to herself.

"The little one! The little one! It is all I can look for, to lie and wait till I am called ; and I linger here, cumbering the ground, and he is taken before me! The short little life! And I am an old woman who has seen her threescore years and ten. What was the little life begun for, to end so soon? He has had a great deal to bear for no end."

The Doctor was a young man, and a shy one ; but he had something in his mind to say, and with an effort he said it.

"I believe that no child's life, however short, is lived in vain. If it has done nothing more, it has left some lesson behind, if we would learn it. And I think we have not very far to look for little Friday's."

There was silence again, for grandmother seemed to have listened, Mrs. Hammond had nodded through her tears, and the Doctor's head had gone down on his hand.

He almost thought he was not sorry for luckless little Friday. For it was running in his mind that they whom we call unlucky often gather to themselves an exceeding noble patience, beautiful with a beauty not of this world.

It was even a greater effort to speak again ; but the Doctor, knowing that it must be done, did it.

"Is there any one to send for?"

Grandmother fell to sobbing again, the feeble crying of extreme old age. Mrs. Hammond said—

"Not that near, sir! It isn't that near?"

"It may not be six days, and it may be as many months."

"But what do you think—you, sir?"

"I—think—it will not be very long."

But Friday sat on the nursery-floor, pondering, and looking out of the window with eyes that saw nothing. He was not crying, for he was too tired, languid, and puzzled to cry. He did not comprehend all that the Doctor had meant ; but he did comprehend that the Hand was laid down, and his dream was over, But he had a strange feeling as if he did not mind so very much, as if all were nearly over now. And he had a great deal to think about. For Friday had caught a glimpse of a riddle, and he was groping for an explanation, and there was no one to give it, and he thought and thought until his head ached, and then he laid it down on the carpet, and went to sleep for very weariness. It was that hard riddle—only younger than the hills—over which older heads have puzzled until they, too, ached, and have been fain to lie down and leave it to Eternity to give the answer.

The riddle of failure. The riddle of the toilers in the fore-front of the battle, of the vanguard. They fall unseen ; theirs is no earthly crown ; they have no honor ; their very lives are forgotten. Their names are written in water, and the great river rolls on, and it is as though they had never been. . . .

And yet, not so. For in the hall of Time there is the tiny piece of work appointed for each human soul, which none but that soul can do. And so these forgotten builders have done their work—in blindness and groping, in sorrow and pain, in imperfection and silence—yet they worked the task. They lay down to rest—perhaps not unwillingly— and whispered to themselves "failure," and the world said "failure" over them and they passed and were forgotten. What matter now, to those who have read the answer to the hard riddle in the unfolding scroll of Eternity?

And forgotten their very names are here, but not there. In their Father's blessed Book of Remembrance they are written, all the toilers, whether the crown were set upon their labor, here or there. And we humbly believe they, too, who waited to toil, not being called, who have done no work we can see, who only bring

"A patient God, a patient heart."

All the noble, the brave, the pure, the faithful, the disciplined, the steadfast ; all the captains and the men together ; Captain John side by side with the good ship's carpenter. And perhaps with them even little Friday himself!

(To be Continued.)

QUEER THINGS IN PAPER.

We used to write in our copy-books "Paper is made of rags." But paper is made of many other things besides rags nowadays. In fact there are not worn-out rags enough to manufacture the quantity of paper used, and some other material had to be found. It was thought astonishing when straw was first used for such a purpose. Now a variety of such things is used, and must be, to supply the demand for paper.

And an odd fact in connection with this is that while paper is being used for dozens of purposes formerly needing wood or even a harder material, such as car wheels, boxes, barrels, tubs, pails, etc., wood is rapidly driving other ingredients to the wall in the manufacture of the cheaper grades of paper. The common use of wood pulp, which by improvements in the processes of making is now produced at very low cost, is the cause of the cheapness of various grades of paper, which are much below the quality produced before its use. —*Harper's Young People.*

NOW AND THEN.

Let me tell you a tale of a quiet country pool, so sweet and clean, where the willows bend down to the great bur-reeds (with their brown busbies and the spike on the top), and the reeds sway over the rushes, and the rushes flutter over the broad leaves of the water-lilies which grow near the edge where the water is shallow. Oh, it's a lovely spot! how I wish I might see it again! Down there, where it is so clear and sweet, a little creature lived. It had large, large eyes, for it was always wondering, always curious, trying to find out the meaning of things.

"I can't make it out," it said one day, "why I should always be wanting to get up to the top, and get right above it too. I should die if I did that, I know, for I was made to live in the water."

"No, you weren't," said a dragon-fly that came quick as a flash, and then hovered steadily above the pool. "You were made to come up here and fly about like as I do, and that's why you are always wanting to come to the top ; you don't know yourself. Come up now—don't be afraid ; you are ready to be like me."

"No, no!" said the other sadly ; "I can't fly."

"Of course you can't," said the one above ; "but it is because you have never needed to fly. But you can swim—swim in the water, and I am only swimming too—swimming in the air. And you can see, you have two eyes, and they are enough for you in the water ; come up here, and you will get more. I have four thousand, and I was once like you."

How the little creature down below wondered on hearing that! Four thousand eyes! what a lot could be seen! and wings!! Oh, it was good to think of it, and it was worth trying for ; so it took courage, and crept up and up the slender stem of the flote-grass, till it left the water and reached a long straight veined leaf, and then it fainted ; you would have said it was dead. But it wasn't ; the sun was shining upon it and dried it, and its body grew hard, and then it split open, and out from the old case a beautiful creature came, with four thousand eyes and flashing wings, and such a bright, bright gleaming body! Only for a little did it rest on the flote-grass after its old case had sunk into the pool. The sun was warm, the air was sweet, and everything was beautiful ; suddenly it spread its wings and darted away, hither and thither, till at last, as it grew strong, it could fly swifter than a swallow!

That's the way with the dragon-fly ; now it is in the water, but then it is in the air ; now it sees but a little, then it sees much ; now it is a poor little, slow-moving thing, then it is a brilliant, dazzling, living flash! And yet it is the same creature all along, and the air is not so much different from the water, only finer, and sweeter, and better.

And this, children, is all that death can do to anybody who loves Jesus and trusts him. Death can but make him faint for a moment, and then the soul leaves its old case which we call the body, and passes into the brightness and the beauty, the warmth and the life and the love of Jesus Himself.

Would you wish it to be so with you then? If you would, be faithful and loving and true to Jesus now, for this is his promise—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." A crown of life! That means life completed, life perfected, life as it should be. So be true to Jesus now, and then death will be the best and kindest friend you could ever have wished for.—*Rev. J. Ried Howatt.*

A CAT AS FOSTER MOTHER OF AN APE.

There are plenty of examples in the animal kingdom which prove that most creatures, whether mammals or birds, are capable of conferring their motherly love on the offspring of others as well as on their own. The hen gives the duck that it has hatched the same care that it gives its own chickens, the dog will act as foster mother to a young lion, and the long-eared Egyptian goat as nurse to a young panther. But the exhibition of motherly care to be seen in the well arranged Leipzig Zoological Garden (in charge of Mr. Ernst Pinkert) is new and peculiar, offering a pleasant scene to the lover of animals. A fine, great, reddish-brown Angora cat has become foster mother of a very young ape. As the little thing lost its own mother when it was very small and was greatly in need of another nurse, it was given to the Angora cat. The experiment proved successful ; the cat received the little orphan affectionately, and cares for it as well as for her own kitten.

The cunning little ape hangs, in the literal meaning of the word, on its tender mother, and is never left by her. Clinging by all fours to the shaggy fur of the mother cat, he accompanies her in all her walks, and the cat is not inconvenienced by her four-legged parasite. If he is torn away from this embrace, he immediately jumps crying loudly to his accustomed place. At meal times he enjoys the same rights as the kitten. It is a charming picture—the old cat with her little one, which she caresses fondly, and the little ape that likes to lie in her soft, warm fur. When the cat rises she takes her living burden, and walks around, wagging her tail, in the building belonging to beasts of prey in the Zoological Garden. Cats have been known to bring up squirrels, but this is the first time on record that one has acted as mother to an ape.—*Illustrirte Zeitung.*

EVERY SERMON ought to have something in it that the devil will have to try to answer.

A Cat as Foster Mother of an Ape—A Picture from the Leipzig Zoological Garden.

LOST!

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

What! lost your temper, *did* you say?
Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it.
It isn't such a dreadful loss—
Pray do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweetest one,
As all can well remember
Who have endured its every whim
From New Year's till December.

It drove the dimples all away,
And wrinkled up your forehead,
And changed a pretty, smiling face
To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words,
The laughter, and the singing;
And clouds upon a shining sky
It would persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear,
Make it your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
And lose it—never, never!

—*Harper's Young People.*

MOVING THE FENCE FURTHER OUT.

"Well, I'll just tell you all about it," said Mrs. Brookes. "You see we'd been poking along in the same way for a good many years. When we started our Foreign Missionary Society we agreed to give fifty dollars a year, and for eleven years we gave that right straight along. We took great credit to ourselves that we never fell below the mark. In fact, every annual meeting some of us were sure to remark how faithful we'd been in holding meetings and always raising the fifty dollars, and it never occurred to any of us we might move forward a step or two. Our meetings were very small, generally seven or eight present, and we thought twelve a large attendance. Like other societies, we had a good many contributing members who never came near the meetings. We'd sit there and say they ought to come, but didn't do anything to bring them. They'd give their money willingly enough when we went for it; but I declare there were some who, in all those years, never seemed to get it through their heads what the Society was, or what the dollar was for. They'd say: 'Foreign Missionary Society? Let me see—there are so many societies in the church. Is that the one Mrs. Benton is president of? Oh, yes, to be sure. Well, how much do I give?' and that's just all they knew or cared about it. 'Bands?' No, we didn't do much in that way. We had a sort of a band; one not very much alive, and not dead enough to bury—that kind, you know. It needed looking after. That's the way we dawdled along.

"Well, after a while, Miss Winsted—you know who she is, a real downright smart woman—she began to get restless, and tried to stir us up. She'd keep telling us we might do so and so; but you know how hard it is to get people out of ruts, when they once get in.

"One winter she went on east to visit her father's folks in New York and Philadelphia. While she was there she went to some big missionary meetings, and talked with the ladies who engineered them, and met some missionaries right straight from the 'front' (as it is called), and saw the places where the missionary magazines are made. The upshot of it was she got wonderfully stirred up, and when she came home just talked right and left.

"Pretty soon it came time for our annual meeting; and when the treasurer's report was read there were some of the usual remarks about how well we'd done, and so on; and Mrs. Corey, the treasurer, says she: 'Yes, for eleven years we've never failed to come up to our pledge.' Then it just seemed as if Miss Winsted couldn't keep in any longer. Says she: 'That's all very well; but don't you think, friends, that eleven years is long enough to be faithful over a very few things? We've cultivated our little plot of ground perseveringly; but isn't it time to move the fence further out?'

"We were all taken aback by that speech, and sat staring without saying a word, till Mrs. Corey managed to gasp out: 'I don't know what you mean.' 'I mean,' says Miss Winsted, 'we ought to do more in this work.' 'What more is there to do?' says Mrs. Corey.

"'Why,' says Miss Winsted, and her dark eyes just flashed, 'what's a woman's society for, if not to stir up the whole congregation on the subject of missions? We are losing splendid chances. Why, I think a society that's contented merely to give some money annually, and holding meetings once a month in the corner of the lecture-room, doesn't live up to its privileges.'

"'Privileges?' says Mrs. Corey. 'Yes,' says Miss Winsted. 'It's our privilege to do everything in our power to interest all the women of the church, and the children too. Who's going to look after them if we don't? Instead of that poor little dead-and-alive Band, we ought to have all the children and young people enlisted; we ought to be working missionary literature in among the congregation; we ought to encourage our pastor to get up popular meetings; and here we sit, not doing much, if anything; we don't even help along at monthly concerts.'

"'How are we going to help that way?' Miss Aldrich asked. 'Women are not allowed to speak in meeting in our church.'

"'Nobody wants you to speak,' says Miss Winsted. 'There are other ways of helping. Just you go regularly, and sit up in front, and look awfully interested, and sing out loud, and see if that don't help.'

"Miss Aldrich, she's a great laugher, and that appeared to tickle her, so she burst out laughing, and the rest of us joined in. That put us all into better humor, for some were beginning to be real vexed with Miss Winsted for taking the wind out of our sails at such a rate. Then, before any one could say anything more, Mrs. Benton said, 'Miss Winsted, you're right; we needed just that said to us—we've not been doing our duty. Dear friends,' says she, 'let us kneel down and pray over it.'

"Such a heart-searching prayer I never heard in all my life. After it, we were ready to take hold of and do any amount of work.

"Then we had a great discussion about what to do and how to do it. Suggestions were as thick as blackberries; it made one wonder where they'd been hiding all this time. One wanted to begin with the Band; another wanted to have the congregation canvassed; another thought that a big meeting would be a good send-off. Miss Winsted thought where we ought to begin was right in our own Society.

"'Let's aim to get our contributing members all interested', says she. 'Let's get them all together, just once, to see each other, and realize they belong to the Society.'

"'How are you going to do it?' asks Miss Corey. 'They won't come together. We've invited them many a time to the meetings.' 'Let us try it socially,' says Miss Winsted. 'How would it do to have a missionary tea-party—just the twenty-eight women who contribute this fifty dollars?'

"That idea took, and there was such a buzz about whether we ten who were present should club together and give the party to the rest, or whether we'd go round and talk them into having a kind of picnic. While the rest of us were talking as fast as our tongues could rattle, I saw Mrs. Hirst getting red in the face and fidgeting in her chair as if she wanted to say something. She's a first-rate woman, but not so bright as some, and no talker at all. She never opens her mouth in the meetings; but as she is always there, and the only one who gives as high as ten dollars, we elected her vice-president, as then she'd have nothing to do. We were surprised to hear her speak up and say she would like to give that tea-party herself.

"'Oh, Mrs. Hirst,' says Mrs. Benton, 'it wouldn't be fair to let you have the whole burden of it.' 'Oh, yes, it would,' says she. 'I can't talk and pray like the rest of you, but if a tea-party is going to help mission work, I'll take that for my share. If the good Lord didn't give me smartness, and did give me property, I think he means me to serve him with property instead of brains.'

"Now wasn't it humble-minded in her to talk that way, and wasn't it good of her to offer to have the tea-party?

"Well, the long and short of it is, in two weeks from that time we went to her house to tea, and she and Mrs. Benton had managed so well that all the members of the Society, old and young, rich and poor, were there.

"Mrs. Hirst had just the nicest kind of tea, but it beat me to know how they were going to make a missionary tea of it; but half a dozen of the leading spirits were all primed, and before the tea-cups had got half-way round, they began talking about how pleasant it was to see all the members together at once, and Mrs. Benton got Miss Winsted to tell about a meeting in New York with one of the teachers from the school in India, where our money had been going so long. This interested them mightily, and some asked questions; and Miss Winsted, she just started in and talked, and Mrs. Benton and two or three others backed her up, so, among them, the tea was missionary all the way through.

"In the parlor we found the tables covered with Oriental views and curiosities that some of the ladies had contrived to collect, and the whole evening, except when we were singing some missionary hymns, was spent in looking at them, and, as they led on, talking about missions. On one table were a lot of missionary magazines and leaflets, and Mrs. Benton told the folks to help themselves, so everybody took something home to read.

"They were all just as pleased as they could be with the party; and when we were upstairs, getting on our things, I heard Milly Harmon say: 'Just to think how much I've missed all these years! Here you've been learning and feeling so much, and I might have had a share in it all if I'd only realized that I belonged! I feel like a long-lost sister.'

"You can't imagine what a start that social meeting gave us. We set right to work after it, and now, as far as the missionary spirit is concerned, you wouldn't know our church to be the same place it was three years ago. We're only sorry we didn't think of moving the fence out sooner."—*From "Woman's Work for Woman."*

THE LATE CYRUS FIELD.

The following graphic statement from an eye-witness will interest the many friends of the late Mr. Field:

To the Editor of the London Times:

SIR,—Only those who were on board the "Great Eastern" on August 2nd, 1865, can have any idea of the "shock" which the sudden breaking of the Atlantic cable that day gave to those who were interested in the great undertaking that so far had progressed without impediment. Captain (now Sir) James Anderson, Mr. Thompson (now Lord Kelwin), Mr. Varley, and the staff of electricians, the directors and their friends, all on board the great ship in fact, were so elated by success and so confident of the accomplishment of the work that the sudden cessation of the strain on the indicator and the cry that followed: "The cable is gone!" produced an effect not short of consternation on every one save one man—Cyrus Field. He rushed up on deck when the fatal announcement reached his ears in the saloon, made his way through the silent, despairing group astern who were gazing into the sea, in which, thousands of fathoms deep, their hopes were buried, satisfied himself that the cable was broken beyond remedy, and then, calmly surveying his associates, without a trace of agitation on his face, said: "Well, it's so. I must go down and prepare a new prospectus immediately. This thing is to be done," and stalked quietly back to his cabin, where he set to work to write out the proposal for a new cable ere the end of the other had well settled down in the Atlantic. You have only done simple justice to the energy and commercial courage of Cyrus Field in your leading article of July 14th; I relate what I saw and heard on the occasion to which you referred.

Your obedient servant,
W. H. R.

CONVERTED IN CHINA.

Mr. Thos. Eyres of the China Inland Mission writes from Kin-Kiang:—

We have had the pleasure of seeing one of the most depraved and sunken of the foreigners, and a fearful opium-smoker, brought to rejoice in Jesus as his Saviour. I had many very happy seasons of prayer and reading of the Word with him during his severe illness. When derided by a former companion in sin, who asked, "Do you think it manly to become religious because you are sick?" he summoned all the strength of his weak body to reply: "Manly! Do you call it manly for me never to write to my dear father and mother and sisters and brothers for twenty-six years?" He sent word home after having come to the Lord, and his sisters and family in Canada were so overjoyed to know that he was yet alive that they were two hours before they could leave the breakfast table, their thoughts were so full of him.

One day he told me he had it in his mind to build a bungalow and present it to the C.I.M., and although he had not sufficient means at present, he believed the time would come when he would be able to do so. On another occasion he told me that he dreamt he saw his walls covered with the words, "I trust in the Lord," and he said "This is going to be my motto. When I get into my house (which was then being *varnished*), I intend to have these words in large letters opposite the front door, so that they shall greet me every time I come in, and be a standing testimony to all who come to see me."

When suffering very acutely from asthma, bronchitis, dropsy, and a complication of complaints, he said, a very few days before his death, "Oh, won't it be grand when a few of us can gather together over the Word!" To read the Word was his great delight. When I found him suffering too much to bear conversation or reading, I bent over him and asked, "Shall we have a little prayer?" He replied, "Yes, please; I am always ready for that."

He also manifested another sign of the new birth by his intense longing for the salvation of the other foreigners. He longed to do something for this newly-found Saviour, to whom he had dedicated the remainder of his days. His house he offered to me for religious meetings. He also voluntarily offered to come and help me in my services by exhibiting the lantern.

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